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The Song of the Working-Man.

The following song is being sung in England by several millions of the unfranchised working men, to the disgust of the snobs and aristocrats:

We plow and sow, we're so very, very low,
That we're in the dirt, day by day,
We're so low, we're so low, we're so low,
That we're in the dirt, day by day.

Down, down, we go, we're so very, very low,
To the hell of the deep, dark mine,
But we gather the precious gems that glow
When the crown of the serpent shines.

We're so low, we're so low, we're so low,
That we're in the dirt, day by day,
We're so low, we're so low, we're so low,
That we're in the dirt, day by day.

We're so low, we're so low, we're so low,
That we're in the dirt, day by day,
We're so low, we're so low, we're so low,
That we're in the dirt, day by day.

We're so low, we're so low, we're so low,
That we're in the dirt, day by day,
We're so low, we're so low, we're so low,
That we're in the dirt, day by day.

PHENIX REDIVIVUS.
The Californian says the following simple and touching remarks and accompanying poem have just come to hand from the rich gold mining region of Sonora:

To Mr. Mark Twain: The within person, which I have not to poetry under the name and style of "Ho Done His Level Best," was one among the whitest men I ever see, and it ain't every man that knowed him that can find it in his heart to say he's glad the pore cuss is busted and gone home to the States. He was here in an early day, and was the handiest man about takin' hold of anything that come along you most ever see. I judge he is a cheerful, stirring creetur, always doing something, and no man can say he ever seen him do any thing by halves.

Preachin' was his natural gate, but he wern't a man to lay back and twiddle his thumbs because there didn't happen to be nothin' doin' in his own especial line—no, sir, he was a man who would meander forth & stir up something for himself. His last act was to go his pile on "kings and 'squire" (calculatin' to fill, but which he didn't fill) when there was a "flush" out agin him, and naturally, you see, he went under. And so he was cleaned out, as you may say, and he struck the home trail, cheerful, but flat broke. I knowed this talented man in Arkansas, and if you would print this humble tribute to his gorgias abilities, you would greatly oblige his onhappy friend.

Sonora, Southern Mines, June, 1865.

HE HAD HIS LEVEL BEST.
Was he mining on the flat—
He done it with a seat;
Was he leading of the choir—
He done his level best.

He'd a regular task to do,
He never took no rest;
Or it was off and on—the name:
He done his level best.

If he was preaching on his seat,
He'd tramp from East to West,
And North to South, and cold and heat,
He done his level best.

He'd cuss and sing, and howl and pray,
And dance and drink and eat;
And he and steel—all one to him;
He done his level best.

What'er this man was sent to do,
He done it with a rest;
No matter what his contract was,
He'd do his level best.

THE CROPS.

The Commissioner of Agriculture reports that on the 1st of September there was no intelligence of additional injury to the wheat crop, but the quality is not good, especially in the West, where it has been affected by blight and rust and wet weather. The oat crop is unusually large. Corn is proportionally ahead of former seasons. The tobacco crop is less than last year. Sorghum is excellent; buckwheat good; potatoes yield a fair crop, but the rot has done some damage; hops have ripened well in all the States except New York, where lice have produced serious injury. Every State returns a decrease in the number of fattening hogs. The general decrease is about one-tenth from the number last year. So far as returns were published the number of packed last year in the West, it was 2,422,779. A tenth decrease on this would be 242,277.

The American song of "Old John Brown" has been devoted to a new purpose in Ireland. A Fenian song now popular in Ireland asserts that "John Brown's Knapsack was No. 98," thus reviving the memory of the movement of '98 and the American war in the mind of the hearer.

If the stars should appear but one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night comes out these envoys of beauty, and light the whole universe with their admonishing smile.

The Lancaster Gazette.

THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY.

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The Next Congress.

The Chicago Republican has a classified list of the members of the two Houses of the next Congress, already elected, up to September 25th, 1865. Its recapitulation is as follows:

MEMBERS ELECT FROM LOYAL STATES.	Union.	Dem.
Maine.....	5	
New Hampshire.....	3	
Vermont.....	3	
Connecticut.....	4	
Rhode Island.....	3	
Massachusetts.....	9	
New York.....	20	11
New Jersey.....	2	1
Delaware.....	1	1
Maryland.....	2	1
Pennsylvania.....	15	9
Ohio.....	17	2
West Virginia.....	3	
Michigan.....	8	
Indiana.....	8	3
Illinois.....	11	8
Iowa.....	6	
Minnesota.....	2	
Wisconsin.....	5	1
Kansas.....	1	
Missouri.....	8	1
Kentucky.....	4	0
California.....	3	
Oregon.....	1	
Nevada.....		
Total.....	140	41

There is a vacancy each in Massachusetts, Maryland and Nevada, which will no doubt be filled with Union men, making 143 Unionists to 41 Democrats in the House.

Members elect but not yet admitted:

	Union.	Dem.
Tennessee.....	4	4
Louisiana.....	3	4
Total.....	7	4

Union members.....150
Democratic members.....45

The number of members, if all the States are represented is 243. The new apportionment stands till March 11, 1873. The eleven States now in process of organization are entitled under it to the following representations: Virginia, 8; North Carolina, 7; South Carolina, 4; Georgia, 7; Florida, 1; Alabama, 6; Mississippi, 5; Louisiana, 3; Texas, 4; Arkansas, 3; Tennessee, 8—total 58.

The following, then, is the best estimate that can be made of the political complexion of the next House:

	Union.	Dem.
Twenty-four Northern States have elected.....	140	41
To elect in Northern States.....	7	4
To elect in eleven Southern States.....		47
Total.....	150	92

Union majority 58 in a House of 242 members.

SENATE.

As respects the Senate, should the nine Southern and unrepresented States all elect Democrats, and should they all be admitted, that body would stand:

Union.....	47
Democrat.....	27

Union majority.....20

In a leading editorial, the Republican discusses the political complexion of the next Congress. We make the following extract:

In the Senate, one seat is vacant, that of Mr. Harlan, now Secretary of the Interior, and that is not likely to be filled until the meeting of the Legislature of Iowa, which takes place on the second Monday of January.

Twenty-five States are now represented in the Senate, by thirty-eight Unionists and eleven Democrats. Senators have also been chosen by Virginia, Louisiana, Tennessee and Arkansas, all Unionists at the time of their election; but to what party they would now attach themselves we have no means of knowing. Nor can we tell whether these eight applicants are likely to be received in the Senate.

Six of them sought in vain to be admitted into the last Congress. These were Messrs. Underwood and Segar, from Virginia; Messrs. Cutler and Smith, from Louisiana; and Messrs. Baxter and Snow, from Arkansas.

No vote was taken in the Senate upon the application of the members elect from either of these States; but it was thought that a majority was in favor of admitting the applicants from Louisiana. The question upon the gentleman from Virginia was discussed a good deal, though not in connection with any direct motion for their admission. On the one hand, it was held that Congress was concluded by its previous recognition of the State government of Virginia, by which they were sent; while on the other hand, it was alleged that the Legislature which elected them, was a body too small in numbers, and chosen by a district too limited, to be allowed to elect Senators and perform the other functions of a Legislature. What will be the temper and the judgment of the Senate on this subject, at its next meeting, it is out of our power to predict.

In the House of Representatives, there are three vacancies in the delegations of loyal States, one caused by the appointment of Mr. Gooch, of Massachusetts, to the office of surveyor of the port of Boston, one by the appointment of Mr. Webster, of Maryland, as collector of Baltimore, and one by the fact that the result of the election in Nevada has not been heard of, but all these vacancies will soon be filled by loyal men of a so-called radical complexion, most probably. According to the party divisions that existed during the war, the House now stands one

hundred and forty Unionists to forty-one Democrats; but on the great question of once admitting the representatives of the Southern States, or keeping them, or most of them, for a longer period on probation, it is not probable that the same proportions will be preserved.

From the present indications, all the rebel States, except, perhaps, Texas, will have gone through the forms of reconstructing their Constitutions and electing members of both Houses of Congress, before the second Monday of December, when the session opens. Should all the States now without representation, whose Senators and Representatives are yet to be elected, choose Democrats opposed to universal suffrage, as it is to be expected they will do, and should they all be admitted, the Senate will then contain forty-seven Unionists and twenty-seven Democrats; and the House of Representatives would contain one hundred and fifty Unionists and ninety-two Democrats. Colorado is also preparing for admission, and her representatives will no doubt be found at the doors of both Houses soon after the session begins. To judge by the returns of the popular vote upon the Constitution formed for that State, her senators and representatives are pretty sure to be opposed to negro suffrage whosoever or howsoever it may be proposed.

How an Editor Died—His Coolness and Courage.

A San Francisco correspondent furnishes this account of a remarkable case of coolness and courage. The gentleman alluded to was James Nesbit, of the San Francisco Bulletin, who was lost on the Brother Jonathan, and his body was found floating in the ocean seven miles from land. When it was taken ashore and examined, there was found in the deceased's vest pocket a will which was written after the ship struck the fatal rock.

Contemplating calmly the terrible scenes about him, and calculating his chances for life, he had the cool courage to make such a disposition of his property as would be most beneficial to those who would be left behind him.

That old man writing a will amid the howling of the tempest that was lashing the ocean into foaming billows, and surrounded by drowning men, women and children, waiting out their agony to the pitiless winds and raging sea, presents a heroic picture. Here is a copy of the will, and let the reader observe with what care it is written:

AT SEA, ON BOARD THE BROTHER JONATHAN, July 20, 1865.

"In view of death, I hereby appoint my brother, Thomas Nesbit, at present engaged on the Pacific Railroad, near Clipper Gap, California, my sole executor, with instructions to wind up my whole estate, real and personal, and convert the same into cash with all convenient speed, but so as not to sacrifice the same, and to pay over and divide the same equally between myself and my sole sister, Margaret Nesbit, now residing in England; and under burden of the payment of a legacy of \$5,000 in gold to Almira Hopkins, wife of Casper T. Hopkins, insurance agent, San Francisco, Cal.—And I desire that my brother, said Thomas Nesbit, shall not be asked to give security for his intromissions with my estate.

"JAS. NISBIT."

The document was written with a pencil, the writer coolly recollecting that pencil marks are less affected by water than ink marks. It was clearly written, in Mr. Nesbit's bold and steady penmanship. When he had concluded the will, he found that he had yet a little time left before the ship would probably go down, and he added the following brief note to a family in this city, where he had boarded for many years:

"MY DEAR MA:—A thousand affectionate adieus. You spoke of my sailing on Friday—hangman's day—and the unlucky Jonathan! Well, here I am, with death before me. My love to you all—to Casper, to Belle, Mollie and little Myra—kiss her for me.

"Never forget GRANDPA."

The children familiarly addressed the old man as grandpa, although he was in no way related to them.

How to Cleanse a Cistern.

Another simple thing I've accidentally learned; and I'll tell you, if not generally known ought to be, relating to stagnant, odorous water in cisterns. Many persons know how annoying it sometimes becomes. After frequent cleanings and other experiments and to no positive permanent utility, I was advised to put, say two pounds of caustic soda in the water, and it purified it in two hours. Since then, when I tried what is called concentrated lye, I had quite a good result. One or both articles can be obtained at almost any druggist's.

Whitewash That Will not Rub Off.

Slake the lime in the usual way, mix one gill of flour with a little cold water, taking care to beat out all the lumps; then pour on boiling water enough to thicken it to the consistency of common starch when boiled for use. Pour it white hot into a bucket of the slacked lime and add one pound of whitening. Stir all well together. A little indigo mixed with water, improves it.

White Hair is the chalk with which Time keeps its score—two, three or four score, as the case may be—on a man's head.

The Loves of the Poets.

Petrarch, Tasso, Pope, Montgomery, Perceval, Dante, Milton, Addison, Dryden, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hemans.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

Many distinguished poets have been bachelors. So far as we have been able to learn, Virgil was never married. Petrarch's love for Laura de Noves has given immortality to the name of that lady; but he loved hopelessly and died unmarried. Tasso nursed an unhappy affection for the beautiful Lodovica, sister to Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara. This hapless love is said to have made the poet insane, and led to his being more than seven years in the hospital at St. Anna as a lunatic. He never afterwards loved another. Pope's "Elegy on an unfortunate Lady," is supposed to have been produced by the death of one whom the author loved. However this may have been, he never married. Thomson, Collins and Goldsmith died bachelors. There is reason for thinking that Montgomery's beautiful poem entitled "Hannah," describes a circumstance that really took place in the life of that poet; and the marriage of one whom he fondly loved to another, is said to have rendered Perceval a gloomy misanthrope during the remainder of his life.

But perhaps these were more fortunate than those poets who contracted unhappy marriages. Dante had scarcely completed his ninth year before he formed an attachment to Beatrice Fortin, whom he has immortalized in his "Divine Comedy," but the object of his love became the wife of another, and died young. Although Dante cherished her memory throughout the whole of his life, he did not permit the remembrance of her to prevent him from marrying a lady of noble birth named Gemma de Donati. This lady possessed an outrageous temper, and after living together for some years they separated. Perhaps his own domestic troubles suggested the lines which he places in the mouth of a character in his Inferno:

"If, my wife,
Of average temper, more than slight besides,
Hath to this evil brought."

Milton married Mary Powell on a short acquaintance; but he soon repented of his rashness. There was no similarity of taste between the republican student and the gay daughter of the royalist. Neither of them were happy; and she who might have been known to all coming generations as the Eve who rendered the home of England's sublimest bard an Eden, is remembered only as one whose conduct served to vex that noble mind.

Dryden's home was far from being the abode of uninterrupted peace. We are told that upon his wife expressing a wish that she were a book, that she might receive some attention from him, he said should prefer that she should be an almanac, for then he could change her at the end of the year. He is said to have written an epitaph for her in something like the following language:

"Beneath this stone my wife does lie;
She is happy, and so am I."

Addison married a high born lady, only to find that he could not live happily with her. Byron's early love for Mary Chaworth has rendered that lady's name famous. One cannot help thinking how different might have been the life and literary productions of the poet had she become his wife.

As it was, his marriage to Miss Milbank was a fruitful source of wretchedness, both to her and the profligate bard. Mrs. Hemans was married early in life to one who utterly failed to appreciate her virtue, and who, after having lived with her for several years, let her go to support herself and five small boys by the labor of her pen. Mrs. Norton early went over the grave of one whom she loved, and then formed one of the most unhappy unions that ever brought misery upon any woman.

This appears like a dark picture; but, perhaps, these misfortunes served to bring out the genius of those who experienced them. Genius produces its mightiest works in the midst of sorrows and difficulties. Had Shakespeare never been forced from his home it is possible that we never would have heard of him as a great poet. The oak must wrestle with the storm before it can come to maturity. It is when outward circumstances are forbidding that the mind generally gives birth to its most glorious thoughts.

Had Dante's life glided smoothly away or even had his home been a place where he could have found peace and quietness while the storm raged without, he might never have been known as one of the earth's greatest poets. Could anything but acquaintance with great sorrow have given to Mrs. Hemans the pathos that characterizes so much of her poetry? It is a fact that poets who have been happy in their marriages have few of them gained a place in the first rank of their fraternity. Wordsworth and Moore have had a greater depth of feeling in his poetry than any other poet of his time. He was unfortunate in his domestic relations as was Byron, perhaps there would have been more fire in his poetry. A happy marriage has prevented Barry Cornwall from meeting the expectations that his early productions created.

Faith can do more than remove mountains; it can still a clamorous conscience, make a bad conscience good, and soften a hard heart, bend a stubborn will, and bring God and man together.

THE FENIANS.

Curious and Interesting Developments.

The Informers at Work—The Fenian Oaths—Letters and Records—Circulars from American Fenians—Clerical Hostility—The Ballads.

The Persia's mail to-day brings some interesting intelligence concerning the Fenian movement.

The "informer" are already at work. The following appears in the Cork Constitution.

TESTIMONY OF AN INFORMER—THE FENIAN OATH.

The informant Warner began by stating that he had been a member of the Fenian Association and sworn in by the prisoner Crowley in May, 1864, at Kinsale. At the time he was serving in the Royal Cork City Artillery, and Crowley, meeting him one day on the barracks square at Kinsale, asked him would he fight for his country. He replied that he was ready to do so; and immediately after Crowley took him to a house in the neighborhood, where he swore him in a Fenian on the Roman Catholic prayer book. He took the oath the substance of which was swearing allegiance to the Irish republic, now virtually established, endeavoring to subvert the Queen's authority in the land, and being willing, whenever called upon to free the country from the British yoke. He was afterwards introduced to Geary, for whose apprehension a reward of £100 is offered, and at his house he swore in several members, telling Geary on each occasion that he had done so, and introduced the new Fenians as "Brothers." Meetings were usually held at Geary's house about four times a week, principally for the purpose of hearing lectures on engineering and military training delivered by a person named Donovan, who is said to be anything but a novice at the business. On several occasions Warner saw all the Cork prisoners at the house and heard them discussing the contemplated freeing of the country from Saxon rule, and the means by which it could be carried out. In addition to the lectures on engineering Donovan taught his hearers how to make cartridges, and explained to them the whole science of rifle practice. About four months ago Warner says he drilled a party of four hundred men at a place called the Tawnies, about two miles north of the city, and Lynch was present on the occasion and went through the exercises with the other men and three months since Warner drilled about two hundred men in the same place, when Dunne was one of the parties.

AN AGENT'S LETTERS AND RECORDS.

SEIZED.

James Quigley, arrested in Dublin on a charge of treason—a married man known in Sheffield for sixteen years as a steady workman—was found to have been an active agent of the Fenians, travelling from place to place to keep together the links of the organization, and holding out promises of a "rising" at a no distant day, when the object for which the brotherhood is organized would be attained by the establishment of an Irish republic.

The officers found in his possession a book containing copies of numerous letters that he had written to persons in England, Ireland, and on the continent, all signed by him in his own name; and these letters, contain, it is said, ample proof of the treasonable nature of the conspiracy in which he was engaged. From other entries in the book, it would seem that the prisoner has been frequently called upon to travel to distant towns, for the purpose of forming local organizations or aiding those already existing. He has kept an account of his proceedings on these journeys; the advice he gave and received, and a minute statement of his traveling expenses. After Quigley had been secured, Whiteley and Battersby went to his house and searched it thoroughly. Amongst other papers and documents that they brought away were a large number of Optics of the Irish People, the paper whose existence was summarily terminated by the Government.

CIRCULARS FROM AMERICAN FENIANS.

The man McCafferty, arrested on board the steamer City of Limerick at Queenstown, had in his possession a dozen circulars addressed by Fenian Headquarters in New York to their different centres, of which it would appear McCafferty was a member. Some are printed, others written in ink, and one in pencil. The Cork Examiner says: They are all composed of exhortations addressed to the members of the circles, calling off them to assist, by every means in their power, in the approaching liberation of Ireland from the British yoke, and in her erection into an independent republic. Amongst the circulars have been discovered two rendered remarkable by the fact that one is written in French and the other in German. Their purport is very similar to that of those in English.

Besides these documents the police discovered in the trunk a number of drill books, some of them in French.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH DENOUNCING THE FENIANS.

It is clear that the movement is disapproved by the Roman Catholic clergy. The Tyranny Herald reports a sermon delivered by Bishop Feeney, the language of which is a fair specimen of the tone employed by all the clergy. The Bishop said:

"Who are the so-called Fenians? Even though it were lawful to take up arms against England, where are to be found the disciplined hosts that are

to confront on the red battle-field the greatest empire on the globe? England is at peace with all the world. Is it not the merest mockery, then—the extreme of ignorance and idocy—to enter for a moment the idea that a multitude of undisciplined tradesmen of the lowest class, united with a crowd of young peasantry, determined, no doubt, but still unfit, in every way, backed by an undefined mass of American-styled heroes—is it not, I say, the rankest nonsense, a libel upon the possession of the last reason, to fancy that this horde of undisciplined men, without arms, without commissariat, without leaders, can meet in fair fight legions that in far less propitious times felled the Gaul at Waterloo, and smote the Czar far away from their beloved England, on the slopes of Alma?"

The Bishop then said: "Let them take a warning in time and cease all connection with the Fenian Society, if they had the folly to attach themselves to it. It will not be necessary that the government of the country shall offer rewards to outlaws to spy out the brotherhood. There will be found, as has always occurred, numbers who will run forward of their perfidy and impiety, in the slaughter of their brethren leagued in an unholy alliance, branded by God and his church and condemned by all men of sense."

THE BALLAD-SINGERS.

Dublin letter-writer says: "The ballad-singers, remanded the other day at Kingstown on a charge of singing seditious rhymes, were brought up to-day before Mr. M'Dermott. The Magistrate quoted from one of these productions the following elegant verses:

"We know we're persecuted here,
And yet we feel the pain,
Of Saxon laws and tyrant's threats—
Like slaves we lug our chains."

"That the day's not far—we'll cast them off;
Once more we shall be free,
Then here for the last of the law on steps
And old Ireland's liberty."

"In default of bail, the prisoners were committed for seven days, but it is not clear whether they were sent to prison for singing seditious songs or for creating an obstruction by collecting a crowd—which the constable estimated at three hundred persons.—"Three hundred people wasting their time!" exclaimed the horrified magistrate. Clearly, as he added, a stop must be put to this."

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company have again commenced working in earnest. No time has been wasted in useless regrets over the past failures, but those failures have been utilized with a view to future success. Various precautions have been taken and improvements resolved upon, whereby all weak points are so guarded against as to render accidents well nigh impossible in the next attempt to submerge the cable. A new cable has been ordered and its manufacture already commenced. As at present arranged, it is intended that the Great Eastern shall sail from Valencia in the last week of May next, with the new cable on board. This cable will be laid to New Foundland; and when that operation is completed the Great Eastern will return to the spot where the boy was placed upon the broken end, and no doubt is felt that it will be found. A splice will then be made, and the rest of the cable necessary to complete the line to New Foundland will be laid.

There is every reason for believing that by the Autumn of next year two cables will be in full work across the Atlantic. The facts whereon this belief is based have been advanced in a statement drawn up by gentlemen who have taken an active part in the recent and previous attempts to lay the cable. This statement established twelve points, which plainly demonstrate that the obstacles which hitherto prevented the accomplishment of the scheme are only of a temporary nature, and that the knowledge brought by experience in the past will infinitely reduce the risk in the future operations. The main facts deducible are—

—that the insulation and conducting power of the cable are improved by immersion in deep cold water; that the superior steadiness of the Great Eastern will enable a cable to be laid irrespective of weather; that faults can be immediately detected and made good; and that, even if the cable do part, it is possible with proper tackle to recover it uninjured from the depths of the Atlantic Ocean.

HOGS.

Keep fattening swine in comfortable close quarters. Feed well and regularly with ground grain and cooked feed. Give a few hands of powdered charcoal, dampened, and sprinkled with meal. It is an excellent tonic. Keep the hogs and their beds clean—change their bedding as it becomes dirty. Wharf unground and uncooked corn is to be fed, begin as soon as it is glazed; it is then more digestible.

You see men of the most delicate frames engaged in active professional pursuits, who literally have no time for illness. Let them become idle—let them take care of themselves—let them think of their health—and they die! The rust rots the steel which lies preserves.

A lady asked a pupil at a National school, "What was the gift of the Pharisee?" "Eating and drinking," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

Mr. Nasby suggests a "Fenian of Sonora" for his Friends South.

SAINT'S REST (which is in the State of New York), Sept. 12, 1865.

The bitter and abject state of Russia into which the Democracy, and themselves, North and South, makes a day of fastin' appropriate. If the Lord is ever a gain to help us, now's the time.

My clerical brethren of his Church South desire to appoint a day of fastin' and prayer, I submit the following as a day of agony, appropriate for the occasion:

A SAN UV AGONY.

On the street I see a nigger.
On his back a coat of blue, and he carryeth a musket.

He is I know General, and he halloeth me as one bein' authority.
My tender daughter spit on him, and lo! he arrested her, and she languisheth in the guardhouse.

My eyes dwell on him, an my sole is an artesian well uv woe; it gasheth with grief.
For that nigger was my nigger—I bought him with a price.

Alas! that nigger is out uv his normal condition, he is a star out uv its sphere, which sweepeth thro' the polt'ric heavens, smashin' things.
Normally he wuz with gold and silver—now he is a nigger.

Wunst I wuz rich, and the nigger wuz the basis thereof.
Woe is me! I owned him, sole, body, muscles, sinews, blood, boots and bric-a-brac.

His intellex was mine, his body was mine, likewise his labor and the fruits thereof.
His wife was mine, and his was my workin'.

The normal results of the conkebin' age, I sold, combining pleasure and profit